

## **An Incident of the Plains**

### **From the Journal of Andrew Fjeld**

It was in the year 1857 when the following incident occurred as a company of saints were slowly wending their way across the plains in an ox team train. Traveling was always rather slow with ox teams, fifteen miles was considered a very good days travel.

In this company were a large number of Scandinavians and among these were Olie Petersen, his wife Maren Hansen Petersen, and their baby Annie about a year old. These good people had left Denmark earlier in the year.

The road seemed to be very long as they trudged along day after day. When they came in sight of the mountains they were very happy, for now they supposed that they were near their journey's end. Their joy was soon changed to fear for the Indians came upon them in a very hostile mood. The company came to an early camp hoping to better cope with their unwelcome visitors but the dusky savages hovered near the entire night and all the next day.

In the Petersen wagon there was additional trouble for little Annie had taken violently ill and while the men were trying to deal with the Indians the women folk were doing all that they could for little Annie. But she grew worse and worse and during the night she apparently passed away.

When morning came the Petersens were almost beside themselves with grief for the captain was urging everyone to be ready as early as possible to break camp and be on the move to save their lives being taken by the Indians.

And there was no time to bury the baby. She was hastily wrapped in a blanket and laid under a small tree or bush by the roadside and the company moved hurriedly away. Again they were forced to come to an early camp as the Indians were far from being pacified but through peaceful means trouble was averted.

But mother Petersen could not rest nor be consoled. The thought of leaving her baby by the side of the lonely trail was too much for her and when the shelter of darkness came she crept out of the camp alone and hastened back to that spot where the babe was laid. fortunately no wild animal nor savage Indian had found her and fondly but sadly this broken hearted mother hugged this little infant to her bosom and hastily started back to the camp. On the way she could not refrain from taking a look at her baby and to her great joy she noticed that the child breathed very slightly.

It was a very happy mother that entered the camp early that morning and told her friends what she had done and that her baby was still alive. It was a real sensation in camp and soon willing hands were doing all in their power to restore this little sufferer back to health and through the blessings of the Lord she soon regained her health and finished the journey without any more trouble.

She grew to womanhood, lived in Cedar Fort, became the wife of Samuel Allen Wilcox, was the mother of nine children, was a faithful Latter-Day Saint and died October 13, 1934.